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CHELSEA, VT., Feb. 24, 1879.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.: The 6th day of last June I was taken sick with a swelling on my right foot, and with an awful pain. The swelling went all over me. My face was swelled so that I could with difficulty see out of my eyes, and I broke out over the whole surface of my body; my right foot up to my knee was one raw, itching mass, and my ankle and foot so lame and sore I could not step on it, and it would run so as to wet a bandage through in an hour. In this condition Mr. W. F. Hood (of the firm of A. R. Hood & Son, druggists, of this town), handed me a bottle of Hood's Sarssaparilla. A, and told me to take it. I did so, and by the time I had taken one bottle I found that LA, and told me to take it. I did so, and by the time I had taken one bottle I found that it was doing me good. I have since taken five bottles more. After I had taken three bottles my soreness began to leave me, and I have been growing better every day, so that to-day I can walk without going lame. I have no soreness in my ankle and it has healed all up, and does not run at all. I owe my recovery to your Sarsaparilla. I write

my recovery to your Sarsaparilla. I write this to let you know that I think it deserves the confidence of the public, especially those who are troubled with humors.

Yours most truly,

JOSIAH PITKIN.

P. S. Every person that saw me said that I never would get over my lameness without having a running sore on my ankle; but thank God I have.

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Switches, Curls, Puffs and Frizzes made to order in neat and workmanlike manner. Also, Gent's and Chains and a variety of Hair Flowers, single y mail promptly attended to. MRS. J. N. SMITH, Park St., Barton, Vt.

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GOODS CHEAPER THAN EVER UNTIL

E. O. RANDALL. DEC. 27, 1880.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud A world we do not see; ' Yet the sweet closing of an eye May bring us there to be. Its gentle breezes fan our cheek; Amid out worldly cares Its gentle voices whisper love, And mingle with our prayers

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat, Sweet helping hands are stirred, And palpitates the veil between With breathings almost heard.

They have no power to break; For mortal words are not for them To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide, So near to press they seem .-They seem to lull us to our rest And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring How lovely and how sweet a pas The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear, Wrapped in a trance of bliss, And gently dream in loving arms To swoon to that-from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep, Scarce asking where we are, To feel all evil sink away, All sorrow and all care

Sweet souls around us! watch us still Press nearer to our side. Into our thoughts, into our prayers With gentle helpings glide, Let death between us be as naught,

A dried and vanished stream: Your joy be the reality, Our suffering life the dream. GO SLOW.

When you a pair of bright eyes meet That make your heart in rapture beat; When one voice seems to you more swee Than and other voice you know, Go slow, my friend, go slow; For brightest eyes have oft betrayed, And sweetest voice of youth and maid The very falsest things have said,

And thereby wrought a deal of wee:

Go slow, my friend, go slow. And wishing all the world to know it, Call on some editor to show it. Your verses full of glow and "blow,"

Go slow, my friend, go slow; For many a one has done the same. And thought to grasp the hand of Fame. And yet has never seen his name In prist. And why-waste-baskets know: Go slow, my friend, go slow,

When you to greed for money yield. And long the mighty pow'r to wield That's always found in golden field. With senseless pomp and pride and show, Go slow, my friend, go slow; For thousands, tempted by the glare Of wealth, have fallen in the knare Set for the thief. And now despair,

Regret, and shame have brought them low: Go slow, my friend, go slow. Each of her works takes just so long; Months pass before a happy throng Of daisles in the meadows grow:

Go slow, my friend, go slow. And spring gives life to summer's flow'rs, And summer's sun and summer's show'rs Prepare the fruit for autumn bow'rs. And autumn frosts brings winter snow: Go slow, my friend, go slow.

"See here, John, is your sweetheart factory girl?" "Yes, satisfactory."

heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel. A lady walking with her husband at the

seaside inquired of him the difference between exportation and transportation. Why, my dear," he replied, "If you were on board vonder vessel, leaving America, transported.'

Monday a teacher asked a class of small pupils if any one could tell why Washington's birthday was celebrated more than that of any other man. A boy raised his hand instantly, whereupon the teacher asked him to give his reason. "Because he was the first man who ever cut down a cherry tree!" was the earnest and brave response that caused even the teacher to

A gentleman had five daughters, the first of whom married a man by the name of Poor, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters with their husbands were there, and the old gentleman said to his guests, "I have taken pains to educate my daughters that they might act well their part in life and do honor to my family. I find that all my pains, care and a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."

In the legislature of Ohio, some years ago, there was a warm dispute whether a certain proposed railroad should comnence at a given point down or at a certain other up the river. "Who ever heard," said a down-the-river advocate, of beginning anything at the top? Who ever heard of building a chimney from the top downward? Who ever saw a house pegun at the top?" Up jumped a Dutch member from at up-the-river county. "Mr. Brezident, de jentlemans zay dat had mastered courage to come down and mit de top ov de Shtate, und he make some seely combarisons apout de houze und de

schimney. I veel also ask de jentlemans von questions. Een hees bart ov de Shtate, ven dey pegins to built von vell, do dey pegins mit de bottom ov de vell, or do dey pegins mit de top ov de vell? Veel de jentlemans bleese answer me dat leetle von question?" The laughter which explosively followed this Teutonic retort showed who, in the opinion of the legisla-

cutaneous eruptions. Price 50 cents. 3

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tors, had the better of the argument. Itching Piles-Symptoms and Cure. The symptoms are moisture, like per-spiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, as if pin worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected: if allowed to consupposed himself to be unseen. tinue very serious results may follow. "DR. SWAYNE'S ALL-HEALING OINTMENT" is a pleasant sure cure. Also for tetter, itch, salt rheum, scald head, erysipelas, barber's itch, blotches, all scaly, crusty,

she had been by the first. She was so astounded that she did not know what to do or say. She shrank back into the was turned into a tavern, which was turing of stoves and shoes and the launshadow of the door while the young kept by the son, Henry, who had come drying of shirts for the trade are the by Dr. Swayne & Son, 330 North Sixth St., Shadow of the door while the young Rept by the son, menry, who had come anylog of shifts of Philadelphia, Pa., to whom letters should man passed her, with the watch and out of the war with the loss of an arm. Industries from which the State derives 47ly chain visible in his hand, and disap- At the tavern Frank Coulter stopped profit.

Love and Theft. own apartment.

Franklin Coulter, a dry-goods clerk, joined as a private one of the first New York regiments that volunteered for the suppression of the Rebellion. In the course of service he won the rank of second lieutenant, then that of first lieutenant, and finally a brevet captaincy. Toward the close of the war his regiment was encamped at a small village in Virginia, guarding a depot of supplies. It was an easy and pleasant service, and both officers and men delighted in it. Beside the village, which had only been depopulated of its young men,

there were several fine plantations in the neighborhood, the property of families that had been wealthy and were still The young ladies of the village and the plantations, although they grieved

for those who were away, could not be expected to devote their entire time to that employment, and were not unwilling to be consoled by their "conquerors" who exerted themselves to provide all manner of amusement, so that time should not hang heavy on their hands. At the plantation which was nearest the village, Frank Coulter was a great

favorite and a constant visitor. It was the home of the Penchyns, family of English descent, highly considered in the neighborhood. At that time the family was reduced to Mrs. Penohyn and her two daughters, Ada and Augusta, her husband being dead, and her only son in Lees' army. The younger of the daughters, Augusta, was Frank Coulter's choice.

She was a beautiful brunette, peculiarly susceptible to the charms of a manly presence, and had been too young at the opening of the war to claim a sweetheart among the young men who went to fight.

At the Penchyns' Frank Coulter spent most of his spare time, his agreeable manners making him welcome to all the family, and there was no doubt that he was devoted to Augusta. It was evident, also, to those who observed closely, that she was ready to reciprocate his affection whenever he should choose to declare it. But no words of love had passed between them, and it is probable that Coulter felt that the uncertainties of war did not justify him in making

the desired declaration. One evening he had stayed at the Penohyns' until it was quite late, and was requested to remain all night as he had done on one previous occasion. He consented, and retired to his room at a reasonable hour as he would be obliged About the only person that we ever to leave very early in the morning. Augusta Penohyn remained seated on the porch alone, enjoying the beauty of the summer night, and admiring the moonlight as it was fitered through the vines. She was also thinking of the handsome Union soldier who had lately left her plainly in the moonlight." you would be exported, and I should be side, wondering whether he really loved her, and wishing, if he did, that he In one of the Manchester schools on would declare himself and end her sus-

From this reverie she was aroused by the sound of a light footfall. Turning her head, she saw Frank Coulter approaching her. He had removed his coat and boots, but this partial undress was neither unusual or objectionable, as the nights were very warm, and he was them." an intimate friend.

He did not seem to be looking at Augusta; indeed, his eyes were strangely fixed upon vacancy; but he came to her emnly spoke these words:

.. Whatever may happen, Augusta, remember that I love you truly and faithfully-that my heart is entirely yours." Then he dropped her hand, turned

any movement or reply. To Augusta this conduct appeared strange but not unaccountable. She soon came to the conclusion that he was more timid than she had supposed him to be-that he had formed a sudden resolution, as he was about to retire for the night, to declare his love-that he speak the words that she had longed to hear, and then frighteded by his own audacity, had hastened away before he

could learn his fate. But the thought that he loved her was blissful enough for Augusta. determined to go and dream on it. went up stairs to her room. another strange surprise awaited her.

As she reached the open door, she saw a man standing at the bureau, and by the moonlight she recognized him as Franklin Coulter. He held in his hand her watch and chain, which he had taken from their place on the bureau. Then he turned and swiftly left the room, looking straight ahead, as if he

Augusta Penchyn was even more a peaceful capacity of an agent or amazed by this second encounter than drummer for a New York dry-goods making lime and getting out material

The young lady entered her room, and sat down to reflect upon this very peculiar occurrence. Could it be that her lover wanted to carry away the watch and chain as a remembrance of her, or that he merely wanted something that was her's to put under his pillow that night? Or was the proceeding intended as a joke, which would be explained and laughed over in the morning? Surely, it could be nothing worse than this, and she resolutely dismissed the dark suspicion that intruded itself upon her. She went to bed, but her thoughts of the strange conduct of her lover kept her awake a long time, though she assured herself that the affair would be

pleasantly explained in the morning. But in the morning the young officer was gone. He had risen at an early hour, as was his intention, and had returned to camp long before Augusta was awake. She searched the room which he had occupied, but saw no signs of the watch and chain, nor even a note from him to explain the disappearance of the articles. This was unaccountable, and the young lady was naturally much displeased; but she concluded that it would be best to say nothing about the matter at present, hoping that Coulter would explain it satisfactorily on his next visit.

She saw him after the lapse of a few days. He came to the house as he had been in the habit of coming, and there was nothing in his appearance or manner to indicate that anything unusual had occurred. He treated Augusta precisely as he had treated her before his strange declaration of love was spoken, and made not the remotest allusion to the affair of the watch and chain.

This was quite displeasing to Augusta. who determined to draw him out in private as her questioning looks in public had failed to produce any effect upon him. She asked him to walk with her. and when they were entirely alone be-

gan to question him. "Did you bring back my watch and chain. Frank ?" she asked.

"Your watch and chain?" was his surprised reply. "Yes, my watch and chain, which you

carried away the last time you spent the night here." "I don't know what you mean.

have not had your watch and chain. I know nothing about them." It was then the young lady's turn to

show surprise and indignation. "You surely cannot have forgotten," said she, "that you took those articles from the bureau in my room the last night you staid at our house, and car-

ried them away with you." "This is news to me, I assure you." "You had taken off your coat and boots, sir, and doubtless supposed that you were not observed, but I saw you

"Miss Penhoyn, do you know what you are saying? You are accusing me of

"I did not believe that you meant to steal them," she said, half sobbing. "I supposed that you had only taken them for a joke, or perhaps for a keepsake, and that you would bring them back or make an explanation. But I never thought that you would deny taking

"Miss Penohyn, this is unbearable. To be accused of theft, and by a lady, as that is something new in my experience, I declare upon my honor, that I side, took her hand and slowly and sol- did not take your watch and chain, and | Coulter's great bewilderment, but also that I was not out of my room that

"Do you really think that you can him to remain several days at the Penoface me down in this way?" she indig- byn hotel. nantly demanded. "I suppose you will expectations have turned out nothing but quickly, and walked away as swiftly also deny that you came down stairs and silently as he had come, before she just before you took the watch and chang could recover from her surprise or make and came to where I was sitting on the

porch, and saiding that she besitated. "I am not in finish." the humor to listen to any more accusations. Either there has been some monstrous mistake, or you are deliberately crime. What was it ?"

spoke does not exist." "If you can speak to me in that

strain, Miss Penohyn, the sooner I leave you the better." "Yes, indeed-before any more por-

table property is missing!"

They parted in anger, and that parting was final. Miss Penohyn told her mother and sister of her loss, and was at first disposed to complain to the Colonel of Coulter's regiment, but was persuaded that such a course, might lead the family into trouble, and allowed the matter to drop. The regiment was soon ordered away, and she saw no more of Frank Coulter.

It was not until two years after the close of the war that Frank Coulter returned to Virginia, and then he came paratively poor, and the family mansion

peared in the passage that led to his to pass the night. There was no other place to go to, and perhaps he would not have made another choice if he had the chance, as he was neither a physi-

cal or a moral coward. Augusta Penohyn had told her brother the story of the loss of her watch and chain. Henry informed her of Coulter's arrival, and she satisfied herself, without being seen by him, that he was the same man who had been so strangely proven unworthy of her love. Then they consulted together to de-

cide upon what should be done. Henry was for his immediate arrest, saying that he should be punished for his crime as he ought to be, under the laws of Virginia, but Augusta, who had not quite lost her love for the recreant, was unwilling to go to that extreme. Henry finally resolved that he would have an interview with Coulter in the morning, and press him closely on the matter.

The brother and sister were still seated on the porch, discussing this question, when the man of whom they had been speaking came down stairs. He has retired to his room at an early hour and now he came down bare-headed, in his shirt-sleeves and his stocking-feet, just as he had done on the night which witnessed the episode of the watch and chain. The moon shone as it did then, its light filtered through the vines that nearly enclosed the porch.

"This is strange," said Henry, as Coulter stepped off the porch. "Stay where you are, Augusta, and I will follow

Looking straight ahead, as if staring at vacancy, Frank Coulter walked out into the road and turned down a lane that led to the stable, cantionaly followed by Henry Penohyn.

At the stable he stopped, and dug under a corner. Then he returned to the house closely followed by . Henry. As he stepped up on the porch a watch was | Shall it be dug up, and the upas of the plainly visible in his hand.

Henry held up his hand warningly to Augusta as she was about to rise from her chair.

"Be quiet," he said, "I understand

The next morning Henry Penchyn Hayes is the most beloved among Prescontrived that Frank Coulter should be alone with him in the parlor, and his sister Augusta came in smiling. Her

chain was around her neck, and her watch was visible in her belt. "I find that I did you a great injus-

tice. Mr. Coulter, when I last saw you,' "You accused me of stealing your ample ought to endure, and President watch and chain," he replied, as his face flushed. "I see that you have them

now. Had you mislaid them?" "I had not mislaid them." "Who, then, was the culprit?"

man's wife who has to cook and clean, "Nobody but yourself." and wash and mend, and do all the "Indeed! And yet you say that you primitive services of life for her family, did me an injustice in accusing me of has harder and more constant work than the theft. I don't understand this." her husband has; and rising upwards

"You took them just as I said you did," persisted Augusta, still smiling. "How then did you recover them ?"

and put them on the bureau from which you had taken them." of the great mass of working-women, the "Impossible!" exclaimed the young wives of the poorer and laboring classes, man, "This is outrageous." in a pretty and poetical way as the inspirers of toil, the consolers of care, by

"You brought them back last night,

"Not in the least. Were you not aware, Mr. Coulter, that you were a sleep-walker ?" "A sleep-walker! If I am, I never

had any cause to suspect it." The entire story was then told, to his great satisfaction, and he con- his; and hers is the share which is cluded that his business would oblige

That evening he was walking in the

moonlight with Augusta. "When we parted," she said, "I was about to tell you of something else you had stolen when you took my watch and of her own. House-keeping is a fine "Some other crime," he said, perceiv- chain, but you would not allow me to

show a real genius in it; but genius "I remember." he replied "that you that makes everything easy is rare; and in general it is a hard struggle to carry were going to accuse me of another

"Not a crime at all. You came down "Or the honor, of which you just on the porch, took my hand, and told pears to go of itself. Try to let it go me that whatever happened, I must re- by itself for ever so short a time and member that you loved me. You stole my heart before you went up stairs to steal my trinkets."

"Now you must give me your hand, Augusta, and if I should ever again get up in my sleep to steal your watch and chain, we will at least have the consolation of knowing that the act is not a criminal one."

ingly replied. tion, life would be but a chaos of acci-The law and the church gave her the right to watch him. The convicts in Sing Sing Prison under its present management earn

"I shall watch you, sir," she blush-

their own living and earn for the State from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a month. stead of working in stone quarries and house. The Penohyns had become com- for housebuilding, they work in shops on the prison premises. The manufac-

WILL HE GIVE WINE?

as there are bad wives; but the number of these domestic tyrants is small, and Sundry journals have bulletined their for every man who breaks his wife's gratuitous belief that General Garfield heart and makes her life wretched there means to restore wine to the White are perhaps hundreds between whom House table, and that his wife has no and their wedded companions there exwill or wish of her own to refuse wine ist the most perfect understanding and to guests. J. C. Ambrose, of Evanston. sympathy. I believe nothing can be Ill., in the course of a letter to the more certain than the large predomi-Tribune, declines to believe that this nance of happiness over unhappiness in will be true. He says: "Garfield stepped into life a poor boy, and he has tyrannical men, or women crushed unreached maturity a man of competence, der their sway, but of a great and genof clean character, of large scholastic and practical attainments. In the unclouded use of all his talents, he is at all-theoretically it does the greatman whose growth is the effect of cause est harm. The position assigned to and not of accident. His success is the women is thus almost entirely a fictiresult of early virtue, hard work, hard cious one. A man's wife is considered study, patience, temperance, economy, self-respect, respect for all people whose him of his own free will and bounty, and friendship is encouragement, well-chosen all the work that she does in fulfillment companions and surroundings, and sincere regard for morality and religion. riage is considered of no account what- perhaps become a member of Congress. He must have been the steadfast enemy ever in the matter. He works, but she of strong drinks; and this hostility is does not; he toils to maintain her, while the best fruit to sample the tree's comshe sits at home in ease and leisure, and ing crop by. If it has grown great enjoys the fruits of his labor, and gives without wine, will it decay with wine? him an ornamental compensation in What of the other tree and its fruits? smiles and pleasantness. This is the That tree is the present White House example against wine as an ingredient universally accepted. Servants have of its hospitality. Four years ago a discreet Christian woman, keeping a conscience in daily use, became hostess thorough-when it is so; but wives within that house. She prayed that the cup might pass out. The President agreed with his wife. Wine went out. Since that date, and by force of that example, it has gone from nearly every Gubernatorial banquet board: it has do the wife's work, that stranger would gone from thousands of smaller social been paid and a very independent percentres that before were influenced by son indeed. o o What the world does say when a woman outside ample has made it popular, and not a of the bonds of marriage claims to be cause for ridicule, to invert the glass allowed to work for her bread as best at clubs and public parties. Behold she can is, that she ought to go back to the fruit of this tree of great example! her proper sphere, which is home. But in that proper sphere, and at her own vine planted in its place? Is it likely individual work, all credit is taken that President Garfield will be so reckfrom her, her exertions are denied, and less as to crave the curse which would her labor under-valued .- Mrs. Oliphant. go back with wine to the White House as surely as groans follow pain. For It was at a table d'hote in Europe have not good souls everywhere waterwhere Englishmen, Scothmen and Amer-Then he quietly followed Coulter up ed this tree of example with warmest gratitude? Is it not for this that Mrs. idents' wives? No man who is kind to the moral and industrial growth of this great people will pluck and blast this fruit of example in its present growing

condition. It is too full of promise for

alliance with the President to be. By

the fruit of these trees, the Hayes ex-

Garfield will continue its cultivation."

WOMAN'S GRIEVANCE.

in the ranks of life, I think the same

balance goes on, at least until that level

of wealth and leisure is reached at which

the favorites of fortune, like the lilies,

toil not, neither do they spin. To talk

whose smiles a man is stimulated to in-

dustry and rewarded for his exertions,

would be to ridiculous for the most rig-

id theorist. The whole compact of their

married life is based upon this, that

she should do her work while he does

"never done." I do not say a word

against the laws of nature; but I object

that, while this is the case, the poor

woman who works so hard is considered

as a passive object of her husband's

bounty, indebted to him for her living,

and with no standing ground or position

science, and there are some women who

on that smooth and seemingly easy rou-

tine of existence which seen outside ap-

the woman's share of the work, in addi-

tion to that perennial occupation, the

nurture of her children, to whom she

very likely gives their earliest lessons,

as well as the foundation of moral train-

ing which tells most upon their after-

lives. Her day is full of a multiplicity

of tasks, some greater some smaller, but

all indispensable; since without that

guidance and supervision and regula-

dents, and society could not exist at all.

Thus a woman has not only certain un-

paralleled labors in her life to which

the man can produce no balance on his

side, but she has her work cut out for

her in all the varieties of existence. She

natural burdens which no one else can

of actual hardship.

you will find the difference.

So far as I can see, the working-

South repeatedly set forth the tyranny which the Southern States were suffering, and especially denounced the administration of Gen. Grant.

weary of his vaporings, thus addressed the future. It has too many friends in him :-"You are from the Southern States of America?"

"And ye had a civil war there?" "Yes." "And ye were an officer in the South-

"Yes, I was colonel of a regiment."

"And ye got licked ?" "Well, yes." "Was anybody shot !"

"Was anybody transported?" "Well, then, what the de'il are ye grumbling about? If we had ye in England we would have hanged a thousand of ye before ye could have appealed to the civil law, and we would have transported other thousands of ye to Australia, where ve owt to be now picking up

There was a moment's silence, and then the whole company burst into a roar of laughter and applause. The colonel was squelched and nothing further was heard from him.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

The true, genuine unadulterated country boy is an article that a man even with the learning of a hotel clerk could find great room for study. He is just them since the creation. the same, so far as appearance goes, from Florida to Washington Territory, but his capacity to invent and carry out plans of doing mischief is something wonderful. The genuine country boy ure. always has the end of his nose ornamented with a good healthy blister in summer time, and it is about the color of a blue bottle in a drug store window in winter. Nobody ever remembers seeing a country boy's pants supported by more than one suspender, and the pants are generally about nine inches too short. It is impossible for him to be happy without a stone bruise on his heel or a splinter under his finger nail. He generally carries his head at an angle of forty five degrees, and whistles at all times and under all circumstances.

Whenever you hear his mother get out on the front stoop and yell, "Now John Henry, if you run off and go in swimming this evening, I'll thrash you till you can't sit down for a week," you will be perfectly safe in betting your last red cent that he will be down in the mill pond in less than two hours. He is always the possesor of a sling and a "bow'n arrer," and when he can aspire to the honor of an old single barrel shotis the drudge of humanity in its uncivgun he is supremely happy. He then ilized state, and in the very highest armakes raids around the edges of the tificial condition she carries with her corn-fields for "Injins." But his great- me have one hundred dollars ?" "Eh ?" est pride is in a yellow, bobtail dog with said the parent, inclining his ear. . Let bear. But for this she gets absolutely a scalded place on his back, and he and me have two hundred dollars?' "I no credit at all. I am not complaining the dog are inseperable friends and fight | heard you quite distinctly the first time, There are bad husbands in the world it out on the same line. He has perfect my son, quite distinctly."

confidence in all ghost stories he ever hears, and invaribly sees a ghost when-

ever he goes out after dark. He can ask 329 questions to the minute off-hand, and a good many more when he studies right hard, and generally makes a point of ifficting them upon some citified chap that would rather have the seven year itch with a year to start. He is as honest as the day is married life. I am not speaking of long, and will take a thrashing any time rather than do a real mean act, but will tie two old tomcats' tails together and eral misconception, a sentimental griev- string them over a clothes line when the ance. Practically it may do no harm | folks are all away from home, without ever thinking how rough it is on the cats. He will reflect on the error of his ways, and stuff an old wool hat in the gable end of his pants before the old to be his dependent, fed and clothed by | folks get back home. But he finally grows up to be a man, goes to see the girls, gets married, and perhaps some of the natural conditions of their mar- day will be elected constable, or may

A WONDERFUL RECORD OF CHANGE.

The changes which Peter Cooper has witnessed include the entire series of the national Presidents. What a marepresentation of married life which is jestic array of national dignitaries! He was born when Washington was in right to their wages, and to have it un- his first term, the presidential office bederstood that their work is honest and ing the old City Hall in Wall street. He was six years old when Washington must allow it to be taken for granted retired at the close of the second term. that they do nothing; that their work and he was eight when the old hero is but a trifle, not worth reckoning in died. He was thirteen when Burr killthe tale of human exertions. Had it ed Hamilton, and is said to be the only been necessary to bring in a stranger to person who can remember the latter. He was seventeen when Fulton made his first trip up the Hudson in the Clermont. The Erie canal was one of the projects discussed when he reached manhood, though the war with Great Britain delayed it for ten years. His first vote was cast for Madison, and he has been a regular voter ever since-a period of sixty-eight years. He was thirtyfive when the first railway in America was projected, and he built the first locomotive of American manufacture. His whole life has been identified with public improvement, and he has been a leader in the advance of the age, havicans from the 'Northern States were | ing witnessed a grander march of propresent, that a gentleman from the gress than any other man in the entire annals of the human race. Probably the most wonderful of all these improvements is the telegraph, which will al ways be one of the marvels of science. At last a bluff old Scotchman, grown | The next is the progress of journalism.

-New York Letter. Too great economy in youth leads to

avarice in old age. There is no victory so cheap and so

complete as forgiveness. Experience has a very poor memory, and true charity none at all. Extreme gravity is oftener the result

of stupidity than of wisdom. Doing nothing is the most slavish toil

ever imposed on any one. If you suspect a man wrongfully you licence him to defraud you.

About all cunning can do for a man is to make him incredulous. Gratitude is a debt which a'l men owe but which few pay cheerfully.

The charities which a man dispenses after his death looks suspicious. Adversity links men together, while prosperity is apt to scatter them.

Happiness consists in being happy. There is no particular rule for it. Some men seem to have a salve for the woes of others, but none for their own. Luck is the dream of a simpleton; a

wise man makes his own good fortune. All prudes were once coquetts and changed because they were obliged to. True eloquence is the power of completely impressing others with our ideas. Impossibilities are scarce. Mankind has not seen more than half a dozen of

Wealth in this world is just so much baggage to be taken care of, but a cultivated brain is easy to carry and is a never-failing source of profit and pleas-

The late Senator Carpenter had rare wit. In a brief in one of the LaCrosse ailroad cases in the supreme court of the United States he replied to the claim of his adversary by saying that he knew of but one possible authority that could be urged in support of his claim; and that was from the Scriptures, which said "that from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." but he added that never to his knowledge had that principle been applied to the colling stock of a railroad company. A well known Wisconsin lawyer, against whom he was trying a case, persisted in asking his witnesses leading questions. Carpenter completely discomfited him, however, not by formal objection, but by dryly suggesting whether it would not contribute to the orderly administration of justice if his friend would at least filter the evidence through the witnesses

There are none so deaf as those who won't .bear. "Father," said a young reprobate, pitching his voice so the old gentleman would be sure to hear, "let